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vinced and honest pacifist, far from crying for an early cessation of hostilities, should demand that his country and its allies push this war to a victorious conclusion. Only when Germany is thoroughly beaten, only when the wicked Hohenzollern tribe is unhorsed, only when it is shown that militarism and war-making do not pay, will it be possible to have a world in which peace reigns and armaments can be reduced.

Kerensky and the Bolsheviks.

Perhaps the end of the long fight of Alexandre Kerensky is at hand. Perhaps the imminence of the German peril has brought light into the dim Slavic revolutionary consciousness. Moscow, a capital of the old Russia, is to be seated once more in its ancient glory. Petrograd, nest of Teuton intrigue, radiating center of the Germanic cast which dominated the bureaucracy and commercial life of Russia since the days of Peter the Great, is to be abandoned, at least temporarily. The change is for the better. It should strengthen Kerensky's hand; it should stimulate Russian pride; it should make the lot of those who are trying to make the new republic stable and permanent a trifle easier.

"Russia wants peace by right, but we will never bow our heads to force," declared Kerensky, in opening the Russian preliminary parliament. Applause came to him from all groups, except certain extremists of the Bolsheviks, or the radicals and Maximalists. This class is waning in influence. The peasantry is veering away from it. Even the Council of Soldiers' and Workmen's Delegates is beginning to realize the limitations of the policy they have been supporting. It begins to look like a clean-cut triumph for Kerensky.

Why Kings?

When Germany and her allies are finally defeated this question will echo throughout Europe: Why kings? Almost every week brings forth its own damning proof of the danger kings are to the world. The recently published correspondence between the German kaiser and the Russian czar should shock the world into a realization of that danger.

Here behind the scenes, ignoring advisers and cabinets and parliaments and all the rest, "Willy" and "Nicky" were playing at cross purposes with each other. There were many affectionate messages to members of their respective families. There was on the part of the kaiser a constant attempt to influence the stupid Russian czar against England, to make him believe Russia was not always true to the Russian ally.

All the time and always the kaiser was seeking to strengthen himself against the day when he expected to make an onslaught on Europe. It is not a pretty picture—this of two mere human beings, like the rest of us, toying with the lives, the fortunes, the future of millions of men. And that is why, when all the full story of this war is known, the question will come up constantly upon the lips of men.

"All Right Ee"

A great man once said that if he could converse in seventy languages that he would teach courtesy in every one of them. He understood the keystone of character. He would cultivate those soul sparks which make for optimism.

In childhood whenever a companion, not in himself, was a bit grouchy his friends generally excused him with the apt remark: "He must have gotten out on the wrong side of his bed."

Just one tiny thoughtful action, a single little cheer word will start the day auspiciously for a fellow, generating within him so hospitable a friction as to cause him to truly radiate good humor.

Bright "good mornings" can hardly be beaten as a salutation and wedge to amiable conversation, but probably there is no other word in the English language which could be used so universally as a joy jogger than that euphonious little phrase: "All right ee."

It may look a trifle Chinese when it simply stares at you from cold paper, but to hear it interspersed in bright conversation—instead of the too popular and categorical "I can't" and "Don't know hows," it ranks with the highest also as a thought conveyor of rejoicing acquiescence.

It would be rather nice if when war is over our knitting women should undertake to supply stockings and sweaters for the needy children in America—and when you think of it—quite patriotic.

Arthur Brisbane, of the Washington Times, is reported ill and seeking rest in the pine woods. The Herald joins a great many admirers of Mr. Brisbane's rare personality and great talent in hoping for his speedy recovery.

The Lost Glamour.

When Old John Barleycorn is dead
And gone unto his rest,
I shall be one of those who say
"It all is for the best."
It all is for the best, my lads,
That John should pass away;
He was a wastrel and a knave
And he has had his day.

"But though his deeds were wicked deeds
He gave life, now and then,
A pleasant glow we shall not know
Nor ever feel again;
His trail was one of wreck and wrong
He led men to their fall,
Yet at full many a feast he proved
A merry chap, withal.

"Oh weep not for John Barleycorn
An arrant rogue was he,
Yet sometimes, for a little while
He caused our woes to flee;
It's well he's gone and yet anon
We have a little sigh,
For one blithe touch of fellowship
He brought in days gone by!"
—Berton Braley.

The Good Joan.

Along the thousand roads of France,
Now here, now there, swift as a gale,
A cloud, a mist blown down the sky,
Good Joan of Arc goes riding by.

In Domremy at candlelight,
The orchards, blowing rose and white,
About the shadowy houses lie;
And Joan of Arc goes riding by.

On Avignon there falls a hush,
Brief as the singing of a thrush
Across old gardens April-high;
And Joan of Arc goes riding by.

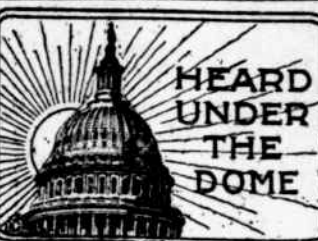
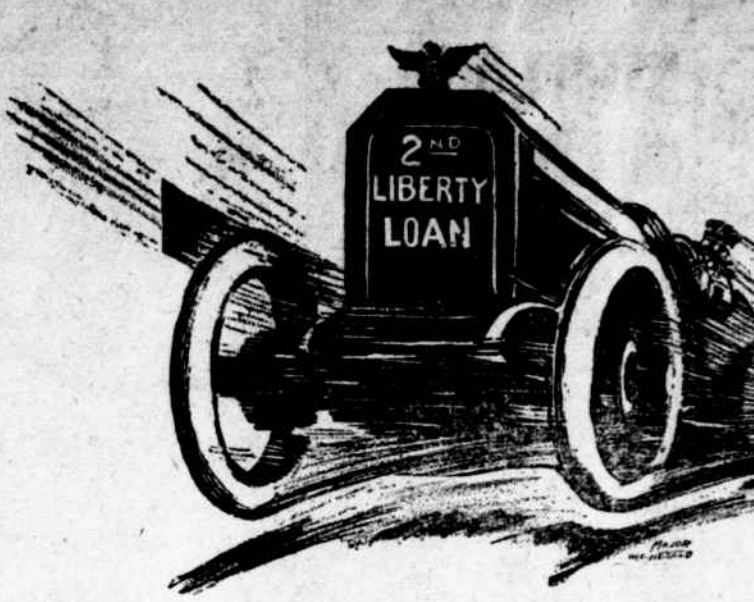
The women bring the apples in,
Round Arles when the long gusts begin.
Then sit them down to sob and cry;
And Joan of Arc goes riding by.

Dim fall of hoofs down old Calais;
In Tours a flash of silver gray,
Like flow of rain in a clear sky;
And Joan of Arc goes riding by.

Who saith that ancient France shall fall,
A rotting leaf driven down the gale?
Then her sons know not how to die;
Then good God dwells no more on high!

Tours, Arles and Domremy reply!
For Joan of Arc goes riding by.
—Lisette Woodworth Reade, in For France.

MAKING IT ON "HIGH"



Where Agents Break In.

The governor of a great State who renounced his office and came to Washington as a Senator and smilingly stated that for once he had come where he couldn't be disturbed by book salesmen and peddlers of various kinds, found to his amazement that they can break in and solicit him even in the Senate office building.

They do not troop in in unbroken strings, however, but they manage to get in now and then and they work shrewdly when they tackle the Senators or their secretaries. Only the other day a high class salesman, with all equipment concealed about his person, shot past the door and for half a day's labor in the big building turned in orders for half a hundred sets of books, it is said.

His plan was to step into each office quite demurely and exhibit a list of books. The list was penned in long hand and as the prospective buyer took the list the salesman said, "Have you read these books?"

If the p. b. said "Yes" or "Sure" or "Uh-huh, part of 'em" that was enough.

"All right you're likely to be interested in a little proposition I have. If you had said you were not familiar with this list I would have stepped out and gone on my way. But this makes me think you're a student, and so I'm going to lay this before you," he said.

And the canvas went merrily on while the salesman displayed his stock, after drawing on most of his pockets. He kept up a running fire of conversation, he was droll with real humor in his occasional sallies—in short he was a salesman worth while and he obtained the orders. In just one office he disclosed his identity—he is really an author of some repute, and he is playing the role in order to get material for another "best seller."

"I find you can get the real character of people in this way as you cannot possibly do in any other role," said he. "In enjoy the work, too, and, honestly, I make money at it."

Sells to Return.

Indian Commissioner Carl Sells, who has been away several weeks on a visit to the Indian tribes and reservations of the Southwest, will return next week. Mr. Sells has made an exhaustive study of phases of Indian administration, and upon his return is expected to put into force and effect new rules with regard to some of the tribes.

Indians of the competent variety of whom there are many, and many of whom visited Washington during the summer to expedite the issuance of fee patents to their lands which they are selling in order to invest the proceeds in improvements for lands they still retain, have welcomed with pleasure Mr. Sells' sweeping changes. They insist that he has done a great thing for them while the Indians whose competency has not yet been established and which, perhaps, will not be established in many a day, stand back and assert that Mr. Sells is the worst "Great White Father."

they have ever had to contend with at Washington.

Congressional members in whose States or districts Indian reservations are located have had new problems put up to them since Mr. Sells understood to carry out his "competency" rulings. But the members have been interested from the first in operation of this rule and they are satisfied quite generally that Mr. Sells will show great advancement in Indian administration. One phase of the Indian problem which indicates that the red men are anxious to pay back Uncle Sam for some of the good things he has done for them is the eagerness with which they have entered the war, both as participants and as Liberty Bond buyers and contributors to the Red Cross and other military aid funds.

Numerous Representatives now at home have wired and written in to the fuel commission emphasizing the acute coal situation which they find in their sections of the country. It is said that shortages in other directions have threatened many times in the past but that the people have not become stampeded to take it's place. They always had potatoes and bread and meat—and families of the other products didn't worry them. But with the wood supply only moderate, and coal daily growing more difficult to procure, there is an appreciable fear felt in the country districts—and the congressmen are being sought out by their constituents and asked to do all in their power to prevent it.

Of course, the Representatives cannot do anything but frame lengthy appeals to the fuel administration—and show the copies to their constituents, or let them look over their shoulders while they're at the telegraph office sending the little yellow backs.

There is one reply which all Representatives are making, however, which may preface some action by the body on the hill if the situation is not alleviated by December when the members return. They are all telling their home folks "Uncle Sam will do something real radical pretty soon. We'll have coal, you bet we will, if we have adopted a drastic means to get it."

This statement is being made hundreds of times daily by Representatives who are now out among the homelike folks—look out, if the coal problem isn't solved by December 31 that very day in this city the first steps to solve it IN A REAL WAY may be taken on the hill.

People can diet and fast, and sacrifice, but they can't freeze. And nobody knows this better than Congress.

That Democratic Plan. Republicans are wondering what the effect of the zone system on politics will be now that the Democrats have organized the States of the Union into zones for the national campaign. And Democrats themselves confess to a slight curiosity in the same direction for they insist that besides being a more costly way of making campaigns, it may develop a sectional affection which will harm rather than help the cause.

No matter what either friends or foes are thinking the organizers, Messrs. W. D. Jamison and W. R. Hollister, are going ahead to give the scheme a trial. Both of them have been doing nothing but think and act politics since the last campaign, and both of them have kept in touch with conditions to such an extent that they believe their scheme will work out with startling success.

This pair have been through the minor classes in politics and long ago won their master's degree, so it is said. They expect to do many things for their party which Jonathan Bourne, publicity aggressor of the Republican party, has not been able to do for his party. And in the end they expect to have democracy well organized for the 1920 campaign.

Mr. Jamison is an Iowa product, and his initiative and sagacity held to be typical of the West—while Mr. Hollister, who was formerly secretary to Senator "Bill" Stone, has played the game with and without frills so long that he is given credit with knowing what to do and what not to do under any and all circumstances. It is this pair that conceived the plan and which, with Vance McCormick's sanction, will carry it out to the end. THE OBSERVER.

THERE WAS A REASON.

Reference at a dinner was made to those who delight in adhering to time-honored customs when Congressman Allen T. Treadway, of Massachusetts, said he was reminded of a dear old lady in his home State.

For many years the old lady in question had gone to the local drug store, and asked for a particular medicine. At the beginning of the present year she made her usual call, but unfortunately the druggist had exhausted his supply of the kind she wanted. Several brands were offered, but the old lady negatively shook her head.

"They won't do," she said. "I wanted the one I usually get on account of the weather predictions."

"But, madame," interposed the druggist, "they all have weather predictions."

"Yes, I know," was the surprising response of the old lady, "but the one that I usually get always has more finer days than the others."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

SCHOOL DAYS



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By DWIG



—The nonchalant whistler

PLAIN TALKS By J. D. BARRY.

At the moment the German newspapers are denouncing the opinions regarding the German government and the German people expressed by President Wilson in his reply to the Pope, and elsewhere they are selecting and reinforcing and creating German public opinion. Their purpose is to solidify German feeling against what they characterize as alien intrusion and interference, and to intensify the resentment that the Germans have long been encouraged to feel against the Chief Executive of the United States.

At this time last year the Germans were looking forward to the Presidential election in this country with eager anticipation. The report had been spread among them that Wilson would be defeated. They didn't know much about Hughes, but they welcomed a change from the man that had written so many notes of criticism to their government and had spoken so plainly in regard to some of their ruthless methods of warfare involving American lives and property.

Few of them were able to take a detached point of view and to say with President Wilson, "I am on the right on every point." It was their advantage that they had in mind all the time or rather what, from their narrowly national point of view, they regarded as their advantage.

What most incensed the Germans at that time, what incensed them to this day, illustrates the bias of their reasoning, the sending of munitions by the United States to the allies. When they have been reminded of their own business dealings as neutrals with nations at war, furnishing supplies wherever they could, they have had only one kind of reply to make, and that particularly childish. "Well, this is a different kind of war from those other wars."

It is different because it concerns their welfare. It naturally disturbs them to think that, but for the United States, they might have been successful in conquering Russia, France and England.

The Germans illustrate the herd instinct in a most dramatic and impressive way. Their leaders have even cultivated it with extraordinary success. Among the young Germans that tore through Belgium at the start of the war there must have been many who were high-minded and generous in spirit.

But they hesitated to invade a helpless country? No. They were part of the great organization that thought for them and told them what to do. They went because, according to their psychology, there was nothing else to be done.

Army and Navy News

Best Service Column in City.

The War Department has issued a warning to officers concerning the wearing of the Sam Browne belt. Attention is called to the fact that equipment has not been authorized for officers on duty in this country.

As noted last week, this belt has been authorized for use by only one class of officers, those in Europe, but has not been adopted for the general use of the army. The War Department on October 17 issued the following statement: "It has been observed that some officers are wearing a belt known as the Sam Browne belt. There is no authority for the wearing of this belt within the limits of the United States, and until such authority is given this belt will not be worn."

Transmending generals of the National Guard and national army divisions have been instructed to organize "a school for gas defense" in their units. The division of gas defense course. The division of gas defense service in the office of the Surgeon General, U. S. A., has been placed under the direction of Maj. E. D. Kromers, M. C., with Maj. Bradley Dewey, S. C., N. A., as assistant.

The Berthier machine gun may be added to the list of automatics approved by the War Department for arming the expeditionary forces. A joint board of army, navy and Marine Corps officers has been meeting at Springfield, Mass., for the purpose of testing this weapon. The Berthier is a light machine gun. It has been recommended to the attention of the department as a suitable weapon for "ambulant" or marching fire, and for general light machine gun work.

The board is to decide whether the gun possesses sufficient advantages to make it advisable for the War Department to undertake its manufacture in quantity. Lieut. Col. Robert H. Willis, Jr., S. C., U. S. A., heads the detail for the board, the other members being Maj. D. C. McDougal, U. S. M. C.; Capt. Thomas W. Brown, G. S., U. S. A.; Capt. Herbert O'Leary, Ord. Dept.; and Ensign H. F. Clausen, U. S. N. R. F.

A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' THE YEAR.
By John Kendrick Bangs.

THE BLIND MAN.
Who thinks of life in terms alone of woe
Forgetful of its joys, and days that glow,
Is like that man who thinks of busy bees
As noisy things that sting, and never sees
The stores of honey that their industry
Builds up to sweeten things for you and me.
He sees the thorn and overlooks the rose,
Forgets his friends and contemplates his foes,
And spite the beauty of the summer skies
O'erlooks the birds, and grows about the flies.

STOP PAIN! RUB NEURALGIA AWAY
Instant Relief from Nerve Torture and Misery with "St. Jacobs Oil."

Rub this soothing, penetrating oil right into the sore, inflamed nerves, and like magic—neuralgia disappears. "St. Jacobs Oil" conquers pain. It is a harmless "neuralgia" relief, which doesn't burn or discolor the skin. Don't suffer! Get a small trial bottle from any drug store and gently rub the "aching" nerves, and in just a moment you will be absolutely free from pain and misery.

No difference whether your pain or neuralgia is in the face, head or any part of the body, you set instant relief with this old-time, honest pain destroyer—it cannot mislead—ADV.